for wormes, but Ile go search the market

Pand. Three or foure thousand Chickeens were as pretty a proportion to liue quietly, and so giue ouer.

Baud. Why. to giue ouer I pray you? Is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. Oh our credit comes not in like the commoditie, nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could picke vp some pritty estate, t' where not amisse to keepe our doore hatch'd; besides, the sore termes wee stand vpon with the gods, will be strong with vs for giuing ore.

Baud. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As wel as we, I, and better too, we offend worse, neither is our profession any Trade, it's no calling: but here comes *Boult.*

Enter Boult with the Pirates, and Marina.

Boult. Come your wayes my masters, you say shee's a virgine?

Sayl. O sir. we doubt not.

Boult. Master, I haue gone through for this peece you see, If you like her, so; if; not, I haue lost my earnest.

Baud. Boult, ha's she any qualities?

Boult. She has a good face, speakes well, and has excellent good clothes: there's no farther necessity of qualities can make her be refusd.

Baud. What's her price, *Boult.*

Boult. I cannot be abated one doit of a thousand peeces.

Pand. Well, follow me my masters, you shall haue your money presently: wife, take her in, instruct her what shee has to do that she may not be raw in her entertainment,

Baud. Boult, take you the markes of her, the colour of her haire, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity, and cry; He that will giue most, shall haue her first. Such a maiden-head weare no cheap thing, if men were as they haue bene: get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow.

Mar. Alacke that *Leonine* was so slacke, so slow: He should haue strucke, not spoke; *Exit.*

Or

Or that these Pirates, not enou
Had not ore-boord throwne m

Baud. Why weepe you pre

Mar. That I am pretty.

Baud. Come, the gods haue

Mar. I accuse them not.

Baud. You are delight into
Where you are like to liue.

Mar. The more my fault,
Where I was like to die.

Baud. I. and you shall liue in

Mar. No.

Baud. Yes indeede shall you
ons. You shall farewell; you
plexions: what, de'ye stop yo

Mar. Are you a woman?

Baud. What would you hau

Mar. An honest woman, o

Baud Marry whip thee Go
thing to doe with you. Com
must be bowed as I would ha

Mar. The Gods defend m

Baud. If it please the Gods
must comfort you, men must

Boults return'd,

Ente

Now sir, hast thou cride her t

Boult. I haue cried her alm
I haue drawne her picture with

Baud. I prethy tell mee how
the people, especially of the yo

Boult. Faith they listned to m
to their fathers Testament. T
watered, that he went to bed t

Baud. We shall haue him h
on.